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The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of two,
To teach her dear son Jesus to read the Bible through.

It would be worth the while of some collector in England to gather together modern versions, of which many are probably still there current.

A few years ago, Catholic children, in the streets of New York, were in the habit of singing a peculiar version of an old carol.

I wash my face in a golden vase,
Golden vase, golden vase,
I wash my face in a golden vase,
Upon a Christmas morning.

I wipe my face on a lily-white towel,
Lily-white towel, lily-white towel,
I wipe my face on a lily-white towel,
Upon a Christmas morning.

I comb my hair with an ivory comb,
Ivory comb, ivory comb,
I comb my hair with an ivory comb,
Upon a Christmas morning.

Two little ships were sailing by,
Were sailing by, were sailing by,
Two little ships were sailing by,
Upon a Christmas morning.

Guess who was in one of them,
One of them, one of them,
Guess who was in one of them,
Upon a Christmas morning.

The Blessed Virgin and her son,
And her son, and her son,
The Blessed Virgin and her son,
Upon a Christmas morning.

So far the carol may be a late importation; but the following stanza, chanted in perfect good faith, and without intentional irreverence, is a curious evidence of the manner in which ancient religion is affected by newly acquired patriotism, among children accustomed to too little literary culture to perceive the incongruity:—

Guess who was in the other of them,
Other of them, other of them,
George Washington and his son,
Upon a Christmas morning.

W. W. N.